

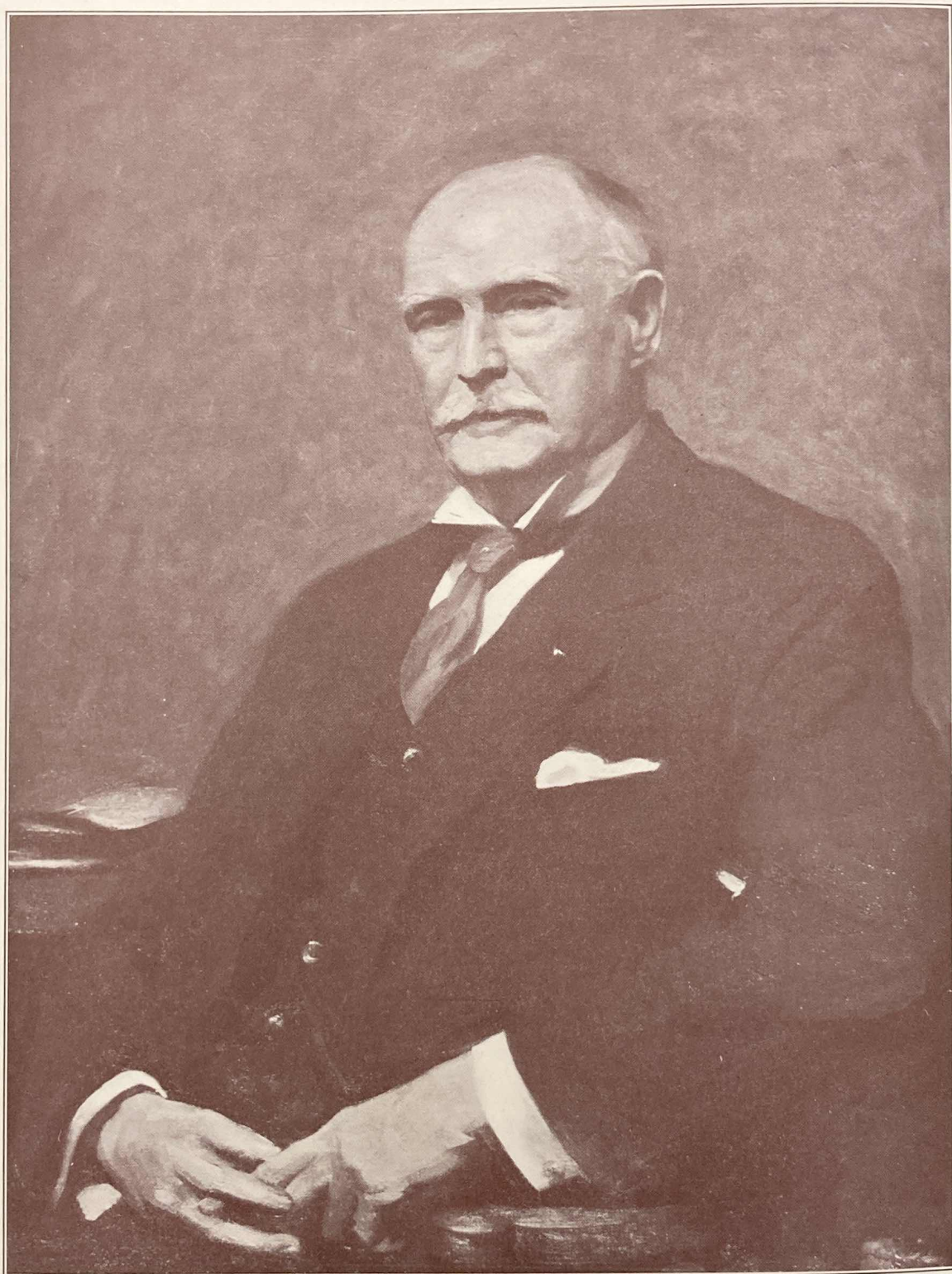
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Year Book
Women's Art School

A-1931-D



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FREDERICK DIELMAN, N. A.

*To Professor Dielman we dedicate our book
because we not only respect, but really like him
and appreciate his constant interest in us.*



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LEONORE SILVERSTEIN

Art Editor

WALLIE STRAUTIN

Contributing Editor

GERTRUDE COTTER

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VIOLA ASSELTA

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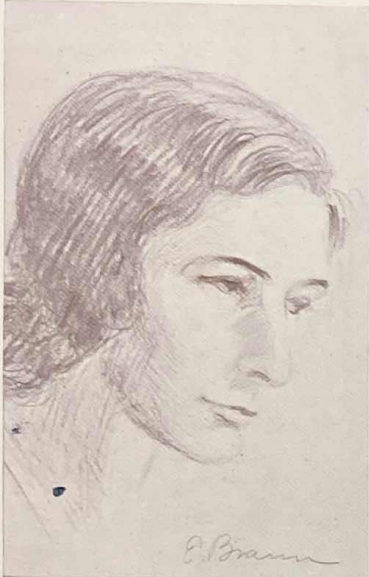
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Our Galaxy of Celebrities



LOUISE BRANN
GEORGE BREWSTER
ESTHER BRANN

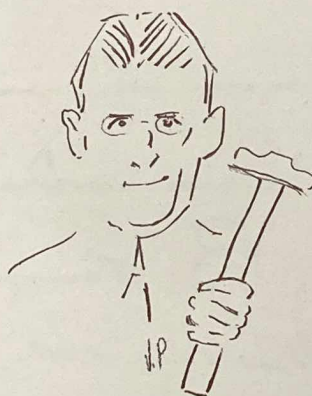
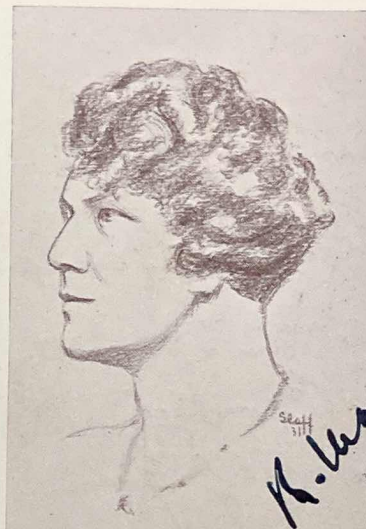


MILDRED HUBBEL MARTIN
D'ALTON VALENTINE



CARLO CIAMPAGLIA
ALPHEUS P. COLE
ALEXANDER BONANNO

*Best written
Joseph
Chase*



JEANNE WILLEM LOUD
ETHEL TRAPHAGEN
HARRY E. WARREN

JOSEPH CUMMINGS CHASE
F. H. EHRLICK
VICTOR PERARD

ROSE MAGLOFF
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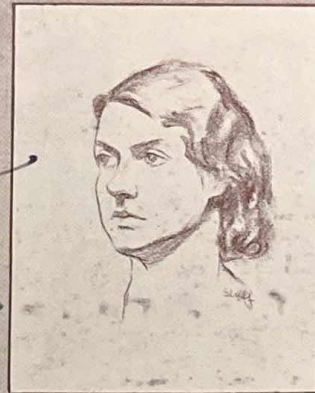
Rockville Centre, L. I.

Interior Decoration

- 2 Honorable Mentions - - - 2nd year design
1 Honorable Mention - Elementary design

Though May is a calm and quiet girl,
We've often heard it rumored
She's full of life as she can be,
Witty and good humored.

Good Luck May!



VIOLA ASSELTA

Flushing, L. I.

Costume

- Honorable Mention - - - - - El. Design
Honorable Mention - - - - - Costume Design

To Viola goes the medal of courage for daring to open the windows
in life-class despite the protests of the raging class below.



CHRISTINE ASPROMONTE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

- 2 prizes - - - - - Sculpture
1st Prize - - - - - Life Study

Christine has been associated with the school for a long time and
certainly has profited thereby.



FRANCES BLUM

New York

Interior Decoration

- 1 Honorable Mention - - Elementary design
1 Honorable Mention - - - Cast drawing
Honorable Mention - 1st & 2nd year design
Scholarship

Twinkle, twinkle, it-ul star,
Please tell Frannie what oo are,
Up above a worl' so high
Yike a diamon' in ve sky.





ROSALIE CHAUNCEY

Valdosta, Ga.

Costume Portrait

Prize - - - - - Costume design

Rosalie's "Lawdy, Lawdy," would distinguish her anywhere as being one of our Southern representatives.



SYLVIA COHEN

New York

Interior Decoration

1 Honorable Mention - - 2nd year design

To arms!—To arms!
Be brave!
On with the wash!



DORA CHEVOLA

Bronx, N. Y. C.

Costume

Honorable Mention - - Elementary design
Honorable Mention - - - - Brown Book
2nd prize - - - - - Period silhouettes

If silence is golden, Dora is worth her weight in gold.



GERTRUDE COTTER

Norwalk, Conn.

Poster

President, Student Council - - - - - 1931
Second Prize - - - - - Poster
Silver Medal - - - - - Life Class
3 Honorable Mentions - - Composition Contest
Honorable Mention - - - - - Sketching
Hon. Mention - Gen. drawing & Elem. design

A temperamental art student who's done an appreciable amount of work for the school, especially for the show.

LEE DE PACE

San Francisco, Cal.

Costume

1st prize	- - - -	Preparation	Drawing
1st prize	- - - -	Cast	Drawing
1st prize	- - - -		Antique
Honorable Mention	- - -	Costume	Design

Versatile Lee says she "happens" to win prizes.



MABEL LEE DODSON

N. Y. C.

Poster

Silver Medal	- - - -	Antique	drawing
Prize	- - - -		Poster
Honorable Mention	- - - -		Poster

Mabel has always been an obliging, cheerful worker! Here's wishing her good luck!



HELEN DU BROFF

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poster

If gentlemen marry brunettes, Helen has plenty chances for matrimony as she's about the brunettest girl in the class.

Helen DuBroff?



CHARLOTTE ERSKINE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poster

3rd prize	- - - -	Elementary	design
Honorable Mention	- - -	Cast	Drawing
1st prize	- - - -		Poster
2nd prize	- - - -		Still Life

We hope that the Erskine in Art will more than rival that of the Erskine of literature.

*Sincerely hope the future will
have in store for you
an abundance of health, happiness
and fulfilled ambitions. Charlotte Erskine*





RUTH FAGAN

Elizabeth, N. J.

Prize	- - - - -	Modeling
2nd Prize	- - - - -	Garden Ornament

One of our cleverest but least known sculptors.



PHILOMEL FONTÉ

Jackson Heights, L. I.

Costume

Fay's manner and exotic hair comb are the envy of us all.



DOROTHY GARDNER

Elizabeth, N. J.

Poster

1st Prize	- - - - -	Commercial design
1st Prize	- - - - -	Commercial design
1st Prize +	Honorable Mention - -	Commercial Design

Dot's one of our temperamental prize-winners—Boy! are our eyes green with envy.



ADELINE GALASSO

N. Y. C.

Costume

Adeline's one of our early Monday-morning-risers. Ask anyone who has tried to nab a front seat in life-class.

EDITH GOLDENBERG

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Costume

Honorable Mention - - - - - Still Life
 Honorable Mention - - - - - Elem. Design
 Honorable Mention - - Modern Silhouettes
 1st prize - - - - - Brown Book
 1st prize - - - - - Period Silhouettes

Quiet, unobstrusive and very much interested in her work.



NATALIE GOLDSTEIN

N. Y. C.

Portrait

1st Prize - - - - - Still Life
 2 Honorable Mentions - Composition Contest

Good things in small packages may be a trite way of putting it but Natalie has the largest amount of artistic ability for one tiny person of anyone we know.



MILDRED LINKEGRELLER

New York City

Poster

Other girls may just as well give up the search for the ideal man as Mildred already has him.



FRANCES KINBERG

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poster

Honorable Mention - - - - - Design

One of our quiet students. In fact "Mum's the word".





Well, Dad, I can't wish
you anything better than
a good job. — Kinky

CECELIA KINKAIDE

Glenwood Landing, L. I.

Poster

Maybe Kinky doesn't put us all in the shade when it comes to getting work done on time. .! and done darn well at that.



KATHERINE LONG

Manasquan, N. J.

Poster

1st prize - - - - - Lace design

For three years we have been trying to get used to Kay's mannerisms—for instance that one-sided smile.



JEANNE LORENTZ

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Illustration

2 prizes	- - - - -	Still Life
2 mentions	- - - - -	Antique
1 prize	- - - - -	Sculpture
Mention	- - - - -	Sculpture

Johnny is our most ardent exponent of the athletic club.



TESSIE LUCKER

Paterson, N. J.

Costume

Honorable Mention	- - - - -	Brown Book
Honorable Mention	- - - - -	Period Silhouette
1st prize	- - - - -	Modern Silhouette

Tessie's motto is: "Children should be seen and not heard."

SISTER MATHILDA

Akron, Ohio

Portrait

Honorable Mention - - - Still Life
Prize - - - - - Composition Contest
Honorable Mention - - - Antique Drawing

Sister Mathilda divides her time between Cooper Union and the school at Akron, Ohio, where she teaches art.

Sister Mathilda.



ELINOR MARTIN

Washington, D. C.

Costume

Honorable Mention - - - Antique Drawing
Honorable Mention - - - General Drawing

To hear Elinor talk we'd almost think she hailed from the sunny south, but aha she fooled us, as she comes from Washington.



FRIEDA MORDHORST

Maywood, N. J.

Interior Decoration

2 Honorable Mentions - - - 1st year design
2 Honorable Mentions - - - 2nd year design
First prize - Flower Painting, Bronze medal
2nd prize - - - - - Sepia

What spirits are hers!
What wit and vim!
Now breaking a joke
Now breaking a limb.



ISABELLE MORRIS

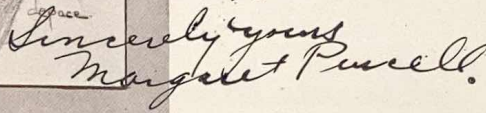
Richmond Hill, L. I.

Interior Decoration

1 Honorable Mention - - - Elementary design
2nd prize - - - - - Cast drawing
Honorable Mentions - 1st & 2nd year design
2nd prize - - - - - Interior

Tell all I know———?
My life is too short for that.





Brooklyn, N. Y.

A conscientious worker for four years. Keep up the good work, Margaret!



N. Y. C.

After seeing Betty's stupendous performance in the show we know that if she fails as a designer she will always be able to fill the role of comedienne.



N. Y. C.

Medal	-	-	-	-	-	-	Drawing from Casts
Medal	-	-	-	-	-	-	Antique
First Prize	-	Flower	Painting,	Water	Color		
Honorable Mention	-	-	-	Costume	design		

Jeanette is rather quiet but then we need someone to counteract the noisy members of the class.



Brooklyn, N. Y.

Raven hair, raven eyes—see, we wax romantic when we talk of Amelia, but who could help it?

Amelia Russica

PAULINE SCANLAN

Washington, D. C.

Costume
Poster

Pauline gets the prize for traveling. As far as we can figure out the only place she hasn't visited is Mars.

*Success —
Pauline Scanlan*



FRANCES SHEINKER

N. Y. C.

Costume

"Say, didja read that new book by whatsiz name? You know the one where" etc. far into the morning. Frances has kept us all well posted on the latest thrillers of the season.



LEONORE SILVERSTEIN

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poster

As good a leader as an artist and a darned good one at that. We owe her a vote of thanks for her extensive work on the yearbook.

Leonore Silverstein



ETHEL SOLOMON

Union City, N. J.

Poster

Imagine what Ethel could do to the males with those flashy orbs of hers. What we mean is—she has optics that aren't easily forgotten after you've had one glimpse of them.

*To What
Ethel Solomon*





SYLVIA SLAFF

Jamaica, L. I.

Portrait

2nd prize - - - - - Portrait Sketching
Honorable Mention - - - - - Life Drawing

Sylvia shows sure signs of becoming a famous portrait artist—her work for this year book bears proof of our statement.



ROSE STEIN

Mattawan, N. J.

Interior Decoration

2nd prize - - - - - Flower painting
2 Honorable Mentions - - 2nd year design

Please go slow and please don't fret;
You're too young to marry yet.



WALLIE STRAUTIN

New York City

Wally Strautin Illustration

Honorable Mention - - - - - Illustration
Silver Medal - - - - - Antique
1st Prize - - - - - Flower Painting
2 First Prizes - - - - - Still Life
Honorable Mention - - - - - Life
2 Second Prizes - - - - - Poster

Versatility is Wallie's middle name—an actress, artist and diplomat rolled in one.

Emily C. Uhl

EMILY UHL

Rutherford, N. J.

Poster

Honorable Mention - - - - - Still Life

Emily is one of the nicest but noisiest girls in the school.



MARJORIE VAN WEST

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poster

Not exactly the epitome of silence but all in all, a real good sport.

Marjorie E. Van West



MILDRED WARNER

Flushing, N. Y.

Interior Decoration

3 Honorable Mentions - - 1st year design
1 Honorable Mention - - - 2nd year design

"Please don't knock
Please don't pan
It isn't charitable
To always slam."



HELEN WEISBERG

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Costume

Honorable Mention - - - - - Antique

Oh Yes Helen?!!**



PERSONALITIES

<i>Prettiest</i>	KATHARINE LONG
<i>Most Popular</i>	GERTRUDE COTTER
<i>Best Dressed</i>	ELINOR MARTIN
<i>Most Charming</i>	KATHARINE LONG
<i>Most Diplomatic</i>	WALLIE STRAUTIN
<i>Wittiest</i>	EMILY UHL
<i>Noisiest</i>	MARJORIE VAN WEST
<i>Most Talented</i>	NATALIE GOLDSTEIN
<i>Best Sport</i>	EMILY UHL

THE GAME IS WORTH THE CANDLE

It has been said that painting (and the allied arts) are important to the race because it has attracted to it, and provided a means of expressions for, some of the very highest types of intelligence and spirit. "Its social justification lies in the fact that it is one of the chief means of enriching and sanctifying life." "Art for art's sake" is more of a battlecry than a worthy declaration. The fact is that we would have difficulty in finding any example of real art through the ages that was not produced as the solution of a problem of a definite need. The word "good" is a rich Anglo-Saxon word meaning "to supply a need." With this definition clear in one's mind the right or wrong, goodness or badness of any conception of an idea or the creation of a work of art or other wise, is easier to appraise.

No work of art was ever produced as a pastime.

Design has two reasons for being—to increase beauty and to increase usefulness.

Good design and satisfying art work in general is never achieved without devoted intelligence unsparingly exercised.

Aching muscles and a soul in travail are often the accompaniments of an artist's efforts. But the artist gets more "kick" out of life than other people because appreciation of beauty brings the greatest amount of happiness possible in this life, and when one sometimes gets a glimpse of the face of Beauty he senses emotionally to a degree denied to most of his fellows.

Leopold Seiffert asked me if I found it easier to paint a portrait now than ten years ago. "No," I said, "I agonize more over a portrait now than ever before."

"So do I", said he, "I go through more anguish than I ever used to."

"It is because we demand more of ourselves. However we have a recompense that makes it all worth while—we can enjoy more. To be happier than other people carries with it a reverse possibility, the dark side of the picture, but "the game is worth the candle—the artist's life for me."

Bernard Shaw, by the mouth of one of his characters, gives his credo concerning art with discriminating understanding:

"I believe in Michelangelo, Velasquez and Rembrandt, in the might of design, in mystery of color, the redemption of all things by beauty everlasting, and the message of art that has made these things blessed, Amen. Amen."

Our great artists, during all the years, of art's history, have been master designers, and, realizing that development as a designer is of fundamental importance in any branch of art work, it has been a privilege to instruct young people in design.

Invention is so definitely a requirement of designing that the teaching of this subject cannot be carried on with the procedure usual in the other subjects of art school, without taking away the student's possibility of growth as an inventor. This doubtless inclines the beginning students to sometimes think their instructor in design is not as "helpful" as instructors in other subjects. But the student must be a designer, and the instructor must keep his hands off the student's work in so far as possible. The instructor must somehow inculcate in the student's mind a comprehension of all those relationships that may be so ably and sensitively constructed as to create that quality of tremendous power called Beauty—the relationship of sizes of masses to each other, of their contours, the relationship of these masses in the matter of light and dark, of brilliance and lack of brilliance, the relationship of colors to each other—in fact, all the relationships that make up the whole.

Intelligence and bravery are prerequisites to the development of a designer. Direct, honest, endeavor to create a design which is a solution of a definite problem is necessary, without prejudices or predilections in so far as possible. The best design is best because it is the best solution of a definite problem. And there must be appreciation of beauty.

A great educator once said, "What we want our daughters to have is bravery, good taste, and the ability to love and be loved." A finer and more comprehensive description of the qualities that are necessary for being a designer or anything else worthwhile could not be stated.

Being critical stifles growth always. Being appreciative is absolutely essential to growth. Appreciation is the aperture through which light comes, and the amount of light that enters is no greater than the size of the aperture will permit.

So, my fondest wish for you young women is that you may grow less and less critically minded (yes you may well be choosy,) and more and more appreciative of Beauty.

JOSEPH CUMMINGS CHASE

THE modeling of today is not the dignified and grand sculpture of yesterday in spite of our progress in things material. But there indeed is the rub, for it is because of our advance materially that our spirit is backward.

In art schools, nice vision is stressed, accuracy in form and mass is all important.

Technique is indispensable, but just as indispensable to a great work is soul, spirit, or "geist" in the Hegelian sense. Those who have been primarily interested in another field of endeavor, law, medicine, housewifery, and have a sudden penchant for sculpture feel that with time they will secure a firm and all-that-is-necessary foundation of technique. But he who thinks in clay or stone, who has lived sculpture from his birth-cry knows what a power must move technique, poetry, music, humanism.

Sentient, sensitive, sensuous must the embryo immortal in sculpture be, yielding not to the languishingly sentimental and tender platitudes but to a grandeur of conception and energetic expression. He is patient to translate into clay the dread awfulness of death, the wonder of pain, fear, love . . . , to give rhythm, grace, strength in intelligent expression to not only this individual full life but to the lives of his fellow mortals in community, state, nation, and world.

So that a great tax is put on the mind of this sculptor since in one grandiose piece of sculpture he must compound the physical, mental, and moral condition of his age. The artist, ancient and of medieval time was not only artist but poet, scientist, statesman, and musician. And everything he saw, heard, tasted, felt . . . all his sensations in sum were his world generalized.

"Geist" cannot be taught in a school as bones and muscles should be taught; it must be self-endowed and self-cultured.

MARY SASKIND

THE illustration class goes on as usual . . . the same squabbles about what pose the model shall take, the same disputes about whether the window shall be open or closed, the eternal buzz of conversation and the still noisier "shhh's" which try to quell it, and the same remarkable dead silence when Miss Coleman comes in to take the roll and also (though perhaps this shouldn't be mentioned) the same trick of answering for someone else. It's still the same . . . and still fun.

G. C.

THE NEWMAN CLUB

"Cor ad cor loquiter"

COOPER Union is very proud of its chapter which has been in existence since nineteen hundred and twenty three. This year the interest of the Day Art School has waxed stronger than heretofore, prompted undoubtedly by the election of two day art students on the club committee, with Mr. Jones J. Lanigan as President.

The major event of the season was the New York Province convention. A smart formal reception at the Hotel Plaza marked its opening and a most impressive Corporate Communion at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and breakfast at the Commodore Hotel, terminated the annual event, at which Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, was among the several distinguished speakers.

Individually, the Cooper Union Newman Club has held under the guidance of its esteemed chaplain, many charming gatherings at Newman Hall, headquarters of the New York Province. The National Convention to be held in New York City in July is most keenly anticipated.

Finally—Newman ideals inspire in young Catholic manhood and womanhood, reverence, self respect and the inevitable loyalty towards faith and towards Alma Mater.

Georgina Strunz

JUNIOR FEDERATION

JUNIOR Federation offers many opportunities for the young lady, who, reaching her late teens or early twenties, becomes more socially inclined, and finds pleasure in spending an evening with a group of people, conversing, interchanging ideas.

The junior group is under the general direction of Senior Federation, the latter being the largest organization in New York and probably elsewhere, for the support of Jewish Philanthropic societies. There are ninety one institutions under its supervision, including Homes for Orphans, the Aged, Incurables, Blind, and so on.

The various committees one may join in Junior Federation are—the Campus Committee, in which Cooper Union is represented, the Fine Arts Division, the Entertainment Division, and many others. For further information, the Federation building is at Seventy-one West Forty-seventh street.

J. W.

THE wan soulful student of art is rapidly becoming extinct. A new requisite has been added to soul—namely body, and a good substantial one at that—to study art successfully. Why? Doesn't one need the strength to withstand the shock of having boards dropped on one's head, the ability to live and breathe comfortably in a temperature of 114° F., the strength to out-argue the other fellow as to which pose is the best—the resistance to keep from fainting when, simultaneously forty fixatif blowers are working, the self control to keep from shaking the culprit who stole your board, and above all, the energy to carry on for the afternoon after a morning in the life class.

L. S.

THE COOPER UNION LITERARY GUILD

LITERATURE comprehends everything written in a given language, which is enlivened and coloured by the temperament of the writer. It is a method of expression and communication, a mirror of thought. To appreciate and understand literature a constant and animated interest must be maintained.

A small group of students keenly felt the urgent need of literature throughout the school. They met one afternoon in January and organized the Cooper Literary Guild. Officers were elected, a constitution adopted, and activities initiated. A permit was obtained for the use of Room 23 as a regular meeting place.

Charter members interested fellow students in the Guild and membership increased. During the ensuing meetings, books were read and reviewed, a short play was presented, and poetry read and discussed.

At the last meeting in March the Cooper Literary Guild presented to the faculty and students of Cooper Union, Mr. William Steinke, well known radio artist and cartoonist, who gave a most interesting Chalk Talk.

The purpose of the Guild is to foster and encourage the reading of literature and better books, encourage creative writing, and at intervals bring prominent speakers to the school.

M. B.

THE ATHLETIC CLUB

THE Athletic Club continued activities at the Fifty-fourth street gymnasium this year, under the temporary guidance of Miss Johnny Lorentz. Members had the advantage of having the swimming pool on the premises and in the spring interesting tennis games to be conducted on the enclosed roof are eagerly anticipated.

Next year it is the earnest endeavor of the genuinely interested students to organize a fencing team at the Carmine Street gymnasium.

Georgina Strunz

My DEARS!
I'm all AGOG and things . . .
 I mean,
 I ACTually AM!
And I think you're all
 SO GRAnd to—
Let me burst into print upon
 these NOBLE pages of
 your MOST worthy
book that I'm SIMPLY
 terribly excited
... if you know what
I mean!

BUENDA ELIZABETH CREELMAN

Alias BUIE





YES.....THE SHOW!

THIS business of a write-up . . . I don't know . . . It's a ticklish business.

Of course we usually have the show ready for presentation just before the Christmas vacation, but this year things didn't seem to move as rapidly as they should, and since we got ambitious and wanted scenery, things were slowed up even more.

After working on the scenery all over the floor of the Great Hall . . . it seemed that big, it really did . . . it was rather overwhelming to see it in its place, and looking about the size of a postage stamp. Anyway it was scenery, and we never could have managed, if Mrs. Hare hadn't been interested enough to buy canvas for it. It's surprising too, how much paint a canvas that size manages to use. Some places were rather skimped. Oh well . . . !

The afternoon performance was rather a mess, because we had never rehearsed with lights or curtain, being allowed to have them up only on the day of performance. We guess though, according to the applause, that it was amusing. Halfway through the show, in the afternoon, we suddenly realized that we had completely forgotten to use our wonderful scenery! We had to pin it up with safety pins to the velvet backdrop and it isn't conducive to speed, to be giggling and trying to hold a heavy canvas seven feet in the air at the same time. The hunting scene had several hitches in it, animals getting bawled up and the Flit gun breaking so that we had to cut it out at the evening show. We never were mechanics anyway.

Mary Soskind did some nice dances and D. C. Smith and Betty Chrisp were a riot, maybe two or three, in their Strong Man act. Betty's costume was perfect and it was all we could do to remain in anything approaching a sober state when she was around. In the Ghost dance we wore chains on our ankles, hope you noticed them because if you didn't, we went through a lot of unnecessary agony. We had an awful time at rehearsals to get Wallie completely behind her tombstone.

Our dance, The Dream, was pure inspiration and lots of fun to do. We had an awful time to keep our faces straight during most of it, in fact we laughed most of the time. Mr. Dielman saw us in our costumes and liked them a lot, in fact he didn't know but what he *preferred* us dressed that way.

"Love" the pseudo-Russian play was a huge success, everyone remarking how pretty Jean looked and how clever Sakiko was. What if Mabel's pants did come down . . . no one cared . . . in fact it made quite a hit.

Georgina got lots and lots of applause for her dance, which was just as it should be. Elinor was next and almost made Miss Magloff sick with her wad of gum. She was darned good and kept everyone howling during her act.

The record for applause though, was when Betty took off her sailor pants to give Millie something "to remember her by". In the encore she came out modestly holding her bandanna in front of her flaming shorts.

Mary did another dance and then came the most fun in the whole show. D. C. Smith in Mrs. Morgan's corsets was something to look at, and people *looked* and clapped; by the time Gladys put her foot on D. C.'s back to tighten the corset strings everyone was exhausted.

The last act took the most preparation and rehearsing of all. We had to dun all our men friends for old derbies and straw hats. In making the dresses we selected the most violent colors we could and then struggled to make them. You'd be surprised to know how much depended on pins in that act! Moustaches are hardly a feminine accessory and the ones we collected for the act were terribly ticklish but we bravely suffered and got our canes in each other's way as might be expected.

It was a lot of fun rehearsing, painting scenery and making the costumes and we all were really sorry it was over, albeit relieved.

AN INTERVIEW WITH EDWARD STEICHEN

IT wasn't really an interview . . . I'm too much of a novice at this game for that, but after I got over my first awe at meeting a man who is undoubtedly prëminent in photographic illustration, I managed to ask him a few questions.

He was a painter when he was younger, in fact he has some pictures in the Metropolitan Museum, but he decided that photography was the modern way of expression and burned all his paintings. I told him I was studying commercial art and he advised me to study photography for commercial results. The advertising firm of J. Walter Thompson with whom he has a contract, told him that 80% of their work is done with photographs.

Trying to think of something to say, I of course said the wrong thing, I asked him how he got such a nice "printed" effect with his pictures, whether it was developing or the method of taking them which did it . . . He laughed and said that that was the last thing he wanted to do, that a good photograph should be clear. I finally decided that what I meant was that the excellent composition in his things gives more the effect of an illustration than those we commonly accept as photographs.

I said I thought it must be interesting to meet all the famous people who come to him for sittings, and he said it might be but he never considered them as people, merely as material for an illustration. His lighting he does subconsciously, most of the time. When he sees a proof, he has to ask his assistants where the lights were placed, his arrangement of them is so automatic.

He was so nice to me, I think I rather like this job of being an interviewer . . .

GERTRUDE COTTER

ECCENTRICITIES EXHIBITION

THE long bearded old gentleman fussing with his pince-nez and talking eagerly to the young woman with the bulging portfolio . . .

Three or four committee-women gushing over a flower-study and commenting on Estelle's latest henna rinse . . .

Three or four as yet uninitiated, being led around by a dapper individual who makes lightning comments on the canvases . . .

Two young women killing time before catching a train bound for a week-end visit—which we hear all about in the next five minutes . . .

Two young men with spats and canes approving the nymphs, dancing on the green, scantily dressed (the nymphs, not the greens, hang it all)

Two school-girls with shrieking scarfs and shameful stares, mouths sticky with candy and arms filled with copies of "Real Romance" and "Review of Reviews".

The young man in smock and (actually, my deah a BERET)—plunging into the doorway from a neighboring studio to borrow "eh . . . the cutters, no . . . the shears . . . oh, the scissors, you know"—weakly . . .

The sentimental old gentleman who knew Artist No. 13 before his unfortunate decline into some Unmentionable Sin inferred by lifted eyebrows and tightly pressed lips . . .

And lastly, the true artist . . . the one serious individual, with notebook and pencil in hand peering intently at a cubism with despair on her brow . . . that, dear absorbed reader is

GLADYS C. KAUFFMAN

AN INTERVIEW WITH LEONARDO DA VINCI

by D'ALTON VALENTINE

LEONARDO Da Vinci remarked to me, casually, the other day as we sipped vanilla phosphates over in Joe's place, "Art ain't what it used to be! Now, f'rinstance, you take the Mona Lisa——"

He paused while I waited respectfully, not wishing to disturb his meditations. At last when the great man sighed, I timidly suggested that he take her himself as I never did like her anyway.

"That's what they said to me when I painted her," he answered and a tear slowly trickled through his beard. Hastily brushing it away, he leaned forward and told me the story of the Mona Lisa, the painting he worked on seven years. A story of pathos and heartbreak which I will now set down for the first time. I will not attempt to reproduce his quaint and broken English nor quote the many Florentine phrases that crept into the narrative.

But briefly it is as follows

There was a firm of advertising agents in Florence called Guelt and Ghibelline who called him in one day. Times were hard and patrons few so the great master hurried down. The usual two hour wait occurred because the art director was in conference but at last he was ushered into his presence, a former office boy of Michael Angelo's who had been fired because of his inability to distinguish red from blue.

His instructions to Da Vinci were merely that he wanted a pretty girl head,— "But", he added, "remember that she must be smiling! All ads must smile! And— it's due the day after tomorrow. We've gotta make a Saturday Evening Post deadline!" A bit of fiction still used to speed up artists.

Da Vinci dashed back to his studio and, after calling up the best looking girl on his list, started in to paint. Far into the night he worked, only sending out for sandwiches and coffee now and then, until the picture was finished, and wrapping it up he carried it to the firm's office.

The art director looked at it in silence for a time and then said, "Lenny, old man, it ain't up to your usual stuff. Nope! It ain't got the old punch! See if you can't jazz it up a bit. And make it a little slicker."

With heavy head, Da Vinci carried the now immortal head back to his studio and slicked it up, returning it the next morning.

Still the art director was dissatisfied. He called his stenographer over and asked her criticism, which she gave only too gladly. She had taken ten lessons in china painting and her opinion was well considered. Again Da Vinci took it back and worked



over it and again it was sneered at, this time by the third vice president in charge of sales.

But bravely he carried on as, in turn, each member of the entire staff of Guelt & Ghibelline made change suggestions, and all the vice presidents, the contact men, copy writers and bookkeepers, even the elevator boy was called in to give the reactions of "the man on the street."

The days had dragged into months and the months into years, seven years had passed, but the Mona Lisa was now ready to be submitted to the client for his O. K.—a prominent tooth paste manufacturer of Florence.

Lighting a dynamic black cigar, he took one look at that now inscrutable smile and said,

"Tch! Tch! It won't do. How do you suppose the world to become tooth paste conscious if you don't show the teeth?"

Then chucking the whole advertising firm he signed a contract for an extensive radio program with Amos and Andy instead!

* * * *

And this is the story of Mona Lisa as I heard it from the lips of Da Vinci himself.

Signalling to Joe to refill the master's glass, I reached across the table and pressed his hand in sympathy, then left him to his his thought while I hurried back to make the eighth change on an ad I was doing for Zilch and Gilhooln, advertising agency.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

SURELY a new renaissance in art should be due when all these budding geniuses who have conscientiously plodded through four years of school are turned loose upon the unsuspecting world!

But . . . the future has different fortunes in store. We look in the crystal and dare prophesy for a few of our friends.

A home-breaker predestined . . . What fire and love and longing are locked in that timid heart . . . Wallie Strautin . . .

Kinky's seductive manner and auburn personality seem aptly suited for the screen. And yes . . . we are right . . . her name blazing from every light on Broadway. "A new red-headed Greta"

But time has passed . . . the future again turns a page and we see Marge Van West, a charming little old lady gently tending her flowers by the garden gate. We will excuse her if once in a while she mutters under her breath . . . a hangover from her school days.

For Dot Gardner we predict a glorious life free life in the West. She will raise horses and children with equal success, and always stand true to her motto . . . "to Hell with everything ! ! !"

As for Emily Uhl, that kind and gentle nature will be admirably suited for the nursing profession. Here her gift of narrative will surely amuse the infants . . .

Leonore Silverstein will be co-author and illustrator of "My Young Loves and Desires" (Best seller).

Charlotte Erskine will gain eminence as the author of a startling treatise on food "Ptomaines and Their Importance in the Diet."

Mildred Warner's fate is to be relegated to the Museum in the shape of a mummy, truly an unpredictable fate!

Miss Sylvia Slaff, court painter to King Bromide the eighth. (advertisement)

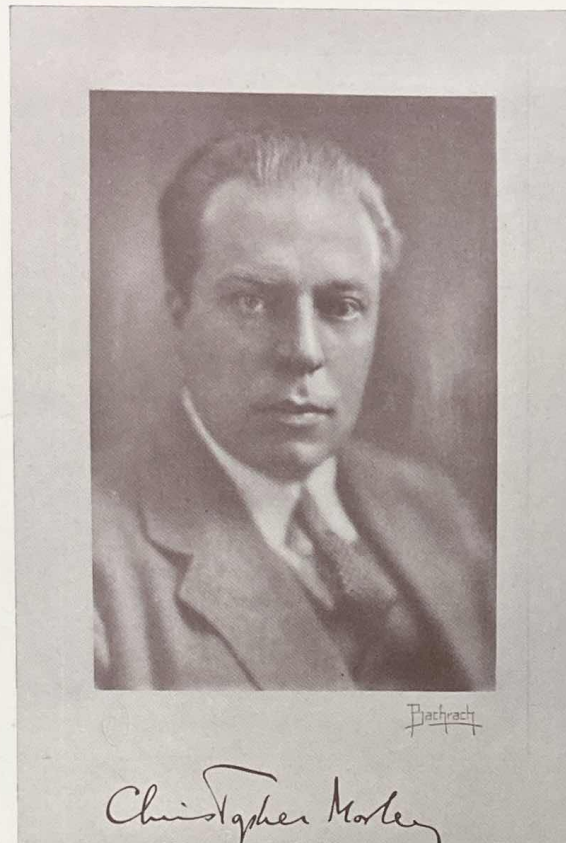
Elinor Martin will be an old lady . . . that's surprising too . . .

Miss Magloff thinks very likely Gertie Cotter will die an old maid, but this really isn't a *startling* prediction. Everyone knows it is inevitable.

A complete reversal of character seems to be the prevailing idea . . . so Kay Long will electrify the sporting world every so often by setting new records in foot races.

Betty Roulstone will manufacture alarm clocks, in the meantime forgetting to wind her own.

Thus endeth the phrophecy . . .



EPITAPH FOR ANY NEW YORKER

I who all my life had hurried
Came to Peter's crowded gate,
And, as usual, was worried,
Fearing that I might be late.

Then when I began to jostle—
(I forgot that I was dead)—
Patient smiled the old Apostle:
"Take your eternity," he said.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

DOESN'T THIS SOUND FAMILIAR?

Time: Any school day.

Place: First alcove, Cooper Union

Characters: Two freshies, and other Cooperites

Adolph (elevator man)

Mr. Hinton (instructor)

Miss Coleman (principal)

Miss Magloff (assistant)

ACT ONE

SOME COOPERITES: Oo-o-o-o wait a minute Adolph, we're coming. Yoo-hoo-o—

ADOLPH: Well, well, here we are, all ready for another day. C'mon in, watch your step-step-step, lots of room for everybody. Alright that'll be all now. You'll have to wait, somebody's got to stay out, you all can't get in at one time you know. Must be after nine by this time most of the girls are in already.

FIRST COOPERITE: It's a quarter past nine already, Adolph.

ADOLPH: A quarter past nine and nothing done yet. Well, here we are. Watch your step-step-step-ste—

MISS MAGLOFF: Sign please girls!

FIRST COOPERITE: Oh gee! I thought I could get away with it this time!

ACT TWO

After the daily visit from one alcove to another, the artists finally decided that they need some charcoal paper.

ADOLPH: Well, here we are. Now don't spend all your money. You know, any time you want a nice box of candy, go to Fanny Farmer. Yes, that's right.

SECOND COOPERITE: But Adolph, where will we get the money?

ADOLPH: Just leave a ten dollar bill under your seat today, and tomorrow you'll find twenty. *(the elevator shakes from laughter)*

ADOLPH: Well here we are. Nothing to do now; you can go right home. *(he then slowly bends and picks up an object; a thumbtack which he adds to his collection on the wall!)*

ACT THREE

Having spent both money and lots of time, the Cooperites return to their alcove and find Mr. Hinton reaching for the smelling salts in a fit of hysteria, after looking at one of the famous masterpieces. (a common occurrence in the first alcove)

FIRST COOPERITE: Oh Mr. Hinton, will you please criticize my head?

MR. HINTON: *(after gradually recovering)* Well, er—there's something very nice about it, but—Now see, the left curl on the right side of his beard, curls towards the right instead of the left. Now, see that nose? It's a beautiful creation. See the way the bone of his nose turns to the right and the end turns to the left—Ah that is art! But you're on the verge of getting in the second alcove. You'll be in there soon.

FIRST COOPERITE: But Mr. Hinton, I've been on the verge for a long time.

MR. HINTON: I know. Just try that head of Caesar and see what you can do with it.

FIRST COOPERITE: (*under her breath*) Heck, I'll never get out of this place! (aloud)
Thank you Mr. Hinton.

SECOND COOPERITE: Do you think I shaded my head nicely?

MR. HINTON: Try shading this way. (*a demonstration ensues on the side of the paper*).

CHORUS: Oh, Isn't that lovely. Gee, that's perfectly gorgeous, Mr. Hinton, how do you ever do it!

MR. HINTON: Well, you'll do the same, some day. Maybe.

FIRST COOPERITE: But Mr. Hinton; we're not as skilled as you.

ACT FOUR

Hardly had they settled down to real work when the first silence is broken.

FIRST COOPERITE: sniff-sniff—Hey, do you smell what I smell?

SECOND COOPERITE: Yeah, what can it be?

FIRST COOPERITE: Gee, I don't know. It smells like cabbage and then again it may be onions.

SECOND COOPERITE: Ooooh—I bet it's Brown Betty.

FIRST COOPERITE: Maybe it's that smell that made Dante's nose wrinkle up.

SECOND COOPERITE: Are you going out to eat today?

FIRST COOPERITE: I think we'd better—

SECOND COOPERITE: Hey, keep quiet. Here comes Miss Coleman.

ZINA AND MIMI

ON this 23rd day of March, 1931, I, Emily Uhl (pinch-hitting for anyone else who could be writing this) being advanced in years but out of *sound* and disposing mind and memory knowing that it is appointed for all classes to graduate do ordain this last will and testament and give and dispose of that which followeth.

IMPRIMIS We give, devise and bequeath (and any other synonyms you can think of) to the faculty the pleasant memory of the finest, cleverest, most illustrious and original class that has ever graced Cooper Union.

ITEM We give, devise and bequeath to Georgina Strunz, the vocabulary and pronunciation of Frances Sheinker.

ITEM To Betty Chrisp we give Cecelia Kinkaide's ambitious qualities.

" We give to D. C. Smith the meekness of Dora Chevola.

" To Jane McGraw we will Helen DuBroff's raven locks.

" To Kitty Russell we give Mary Van West's ability as a bridge player.

" We give to Dorothy Delapierre, Kay Long's sophistication.

" Wallie Strautin's tactfullness we bequeath to Peggy Yule.

" To Marge Benedum the privilege of purchasing in wholesale lots, ice cream for reviving poster class.

LASTLY To the bereaved undergraduates we leave the impossible task of equalling our conscientious efforts of the last four years. In witness I have hereunto set my hand and seal this day and year above written.

EMILY UHL

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